THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1850. | WHOLE NO. 1488.

Original Poetry.

"WE WILL HOPE FOR BETTER THINGS."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY M. H. COBB.

We will hope for better things,
There's no honor in despairing;
We will hope till Fortune brings
Gifts which shall be worth the wearing.
Those who grumble at their lot,
Idly grovel in the present!
Though its petty ills are not
Permanent, but evanescent.

We will hope for better things;
Though to-day should bring no blessing;
Though Misfortune closely clings
Round the path which we are pressing;
Trusting, we will wait the dawn
Which succeeds the night of sorrow,
While we build our hopes upon
What is hidden in to-morrow.

We will hope for better things!
Though a craven host are preaching
That we are joy's living springs,
Ever seeking, never reaching!
Who, when each departing day
Some good deed of ours recordeth,
Shall lift up his head and say,
That no joy our toil rewardeth!

We will hope for better things,
Though the friends we love forsake us;
It may bow us as it wrings,
But we will not let it break us!
They shall not be counted loss,
Who desert us in the trial;
We will count them but as dross,
Or the shadow on a dial.

We will hope for better things,
"Sorrow but a night endureth;"
Morn shall chase on rosy wings
What the evening gloom obscureth:
Surely, if we humbly trust,
Heaven will not refuse a blessing—
If we seek it as we must—
Humbly kneeling and confessing!

We will hope for better things.

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Original Novelet.

THE BONNET ROUGE: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(CONTINUED.)

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none while this lasts. You are pale, Hortense, your step is imperious, your look haughty, something is kept from your father, you are burdened with a secret, Hortense; tell me what it is!"

"I will!" said the young girl, with gentle firmness. "Heaven help me, I hoped that you would not observe that anything was wrong, but it is better thus. Father, I will tell you all!"

She drew close to the artist, who had risen in his anxiety, and in a few brief words full of eloquent passion, for her pride kindled as she spoke, told her father all that had passed between her and the Marquis.

The old man listened in silence, but his cheek grew hot, and the breath began to heave and pant in his bosom, while his fingers worked like the claws of a restless bird, clinching themselves with a hard grip at last.

"Go on," he said, once or twice, when she hesitated. "Go on, no blushes, girl, these are things that make virtuous maidens turn pale."

He might have been content, for that poor face was bloodless as marble. The fierce passion of his words made her tremble in every limb. She ceased speaking, and stood before him humbled and ashamed as any truly delicate woman must be, when she remembers an insult like that which she had related.

"Is this all?" questioned the father, almost fiercely, when she ceased speaking, "conceal nothing, I want every word!"

"I have told you all, father."

The artisan walked across the room, the age left his shoulders, his limbs were strong and firm. You would not have believed it to be the same man, noble anger had so transfigured him. He sat down by the table and began to eat voraciously, as if the tiger aroused within him grew fiercer at the sight of food. The two children looked on till their eyes filled with tears, still he took no notice but devoured the food heedless of their astonishment and their wistful looks.

Hortense began to weep. Never in her life had she seen her father so terribly moved. At another time she would have cast her arms around his neck and endeavored to soften him, but now she was afraid; her sensitive nature had been so outraged, that something like a feeling of disgust kept her back.

"Papa, you have forgotten us, Jean and I," said little Annette at last, half sobbing out

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Our Picture Gallery.

LIEUTENANT BEALL'S ADVENTURE.

FROM FROST'S "THRILLING ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS."

We published in the early part of last year, an account of the heroic conduct of Lieut. Beall upon a recent occasion in the Gila country, but no one will object to the republication in connection with our engraving, of an account so honorable to human nature. The statement originally appeared in the "North American," of this city.

Lieutenant Beall, United States Navy, is already well known to the country, having particularly distinguished himself, on several different occasions, as a bearer of important despatches to and from California, both through the heart of Mexico, during the war, and across the prairies and Rocky Mountains, forcing his way, with equal spirit, through civilized and savage enemies. As a gallant naval officer and intrepid traveller, with the courage to face and the energy to overcome every difficulty and peril, we can well believe he has no superior; but we have recently heard an anecdote told of him, being the account of a circumstance which happened on the last journey to California, from which he has only so lately returned, which, while it illustrates the dangers of the road, proves that there is another quality in him higher than mere resolution and bravery,—a

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seen the smoke of his rifle, and so were on him before he was aware; but he knew very well that to be overtaken by them, a single white man among those naked hills which they called their own, was certain death; and, accordingly, leaving his quarry and mounting in hot haste, he relied upon the mettle of his mare, which he put to her full speed, to carry him back in safety to the camp. Away darted the young lieutenant, and on rushed the savages, thundering and yelling in the certain assurance of their prey. But confident as they were, the fugitive was quite as well satisfied of his ability to escape; although their horses were fresher than the mare, and it was pretty certain they were gaining slightly upon her, and would give her a severe contest before reaching the camp.

Thus assured of his safety, but not relaxing his speed, Lieutenant Beall had recovered half his distance from the camp, when, dashing over the crest of a hill, he was horrified at the sight of one of his own men, on foot, climbing the hill, and in fact, following in his trail to assist him in the hunt. The sight of the lieutenant flying down the hill at such a furious rate was, doubtless, enough; perhaps the poor fellow could hear the whoops of the Indians ascending the hill from the opposite

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to be slain; for the hill was utterly bare, without a single hiding place, and he thought of nothing but selling his life as dearly as possible. For this purpose, he drew his revolver, and, sitting down on the ground, waited for the savages; who in a moment came rushing over the brow of the hill, and then, to the unspeakable amazement of Lieutenant Beall, dashed past him down the descent like madmen, not a soul of them paying the least regard to him, not a soul, in fact, seeing him.—They saw, in reality, nothing but the horse and the horseman they had been pursuing for three miles; they knew nothing of a footman; and perhaps the sitting figure of the lieutenant appeared, to eyes only bent on the attractive object, as a stone or huge cactus, such as abound on those sterile hills.

At all events, Lieutenant Beall, by what seemed to himself almost a direct providential interposition in his behalf, remained wholly undiscovered; and in a moment more the Apaches were out of sight, still pursuing the horse and his rider to the camp. The latter barely succeeded in escaping with his life, the Indians having overhauled him so closely, just as he reached the camp, as to be able to inflict one or two slight wounds upon him

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Selected Poetry.

REMEMBRANCES.

[illegible]

Leaves from History.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

(CONCLUDED.)

FROM DARK SCENES OF HISTORY, BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

It was in the bright month of May; and there is no month when nature looks more beautiful in the south of France. The fine old city of Bordeaux was full of fêtes, pageants, and processions; and the splendid ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church lost nothing in the hands of the archbishop. It was the 27th of May, Holy Thursday, Ascension-day. The Cathedral of St. Andrew was crowded. A multitude of priests surrounded the altar. The archbishop officiated in person, blazing like a meteor in his gorgeous robes.

Wonderful it is, how many sins and iniquities satin, and embroidery, and gold lace, can cover entirely from the eyes of the multitude in the warm and enthusiastic South. The people gaze with reverence upon the majestic archbishop, and bow the head in humble devotion for his apostolical benediction. But Bertrand de Got, Bertrand de Got, thou art not a very holy man, if all tales be true! License and luxury, avarice and simony, are said to have comfortable lodging in thy palace; and the fair Countess of Perigord, who moves out of the church before thee, will probably go no further than that palace for the day.

With dignified step and slow, surrounded by his officers, and preceded by his cross-bearers, the archbishop moved down the nave, in his pontifical robes, and out of the great portal, willing to show himself, in his splendor, to the people who thronged the square. But when he was near the door, a chaplain pressed up to him, and whispered something in his ear. A change came over the archbishop's face. His cheek grew somewhat

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(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

Selected Articles.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

LITERARY WOMEN.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

How many literary women has any one person ever seen? How many has the world seen? How would the list compare in length with that of the pretty trifles who never in the whole course of their mortal lives took up a book with the least intention of obtaining any information from it? The spite which is generally ascribed against these unhappy ladies implies great respect; for their numbers are too insignificant to attract notice, if the individuals were not of consequence. And it may be noticed here, as being particularly curious, that the very same decisions involved against the ideal of a writing woman, is sure to be most vain-glorious of the smallest literary performances on the part of his wife or daughter. The gift of a place does not sooner silence a vehement patriot, than the first essay or magazine story produced by a lady of his family, does the indignant defiance of "woman's sphere," with a pudding and a shirt for its two poles.

* * * *

And so in dress, so in other matters. Whether from the increased facilities of life, or because the world has grown older, and so more candid and commonplace, there is no telling a bookish woman any more, even on her housekeeping. There are no more calawkins in literary matters than elsewhere. The 'presence of' books that are books' does not necessarily argue the absence of books whom are principally covers and "illustrations." All sorts of unmanageable and worse than useless bindings may be found intermixed with plain, serviceable calculators, and the red, and yellow, and gray paper of the Reviews and Magazines. Even an inkstand does not take the place of sock-racks and pretty lumber, though there generally does the more suspicious attitude into a by-corner.

"There is a general notion," says Sydney Smith, "that if you can suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will soon be reduced to the same acrid and unsatisfactory food." But the intellect of literary women does seem to be nearly as well cared for, as if their brothers did not, even though they are—which is probably in some minds the criterion of a thoroughly admirable wife and mother. They are even loved in some cases to entertain the predominant and most tender affection for whom society agrees to consider a deluded female. The world seems as if a love of books did not quite extinguish the affections, or the qualities which inspire affection. "Would a mother desert her infant for a geometric equation?" says the determined opponent, and it seems to be proved that there is greater complaint of mousing buttons, or more neglect of the "stitch in time," in consequence of some one of the sex as well as the thimble, than in homes where the only accomplishment is cooking, and the only serious employment scolding the servants.

The moral of Shakespeare's life, provided it have no suspicion of a moral, and make no pretension to teach any thing whatever, may pass as conclusive, without destroying the fame of its author, but a novel with the least bit of tone in it is "unnatural"—a very different matter though—and Poetry, provided it be of the high-soaring, dot-away sort, does not injure a lady's reputation; science and making is considered quite an accomplishment, and not an ever-hyper verses; but poetry which never reckoning, never-dot-and-cross practice and "exercises" for rigor and freshness, is insufferable. If we could dare to adopt wholesale the calorie Elizabeth Barrett Browning—the mirrored, round fingers, most ethereal creature the sun ever shone upon, with a voice like a ring-dove's, we might swear in vain to her sincerity as the author of some of the strongest and bravest poetry that has appeared in our day; as obstinate a conviction exists in some minds of the close connection between mental power and masculine coarseness.

It seems a little inconsistent that anybody should venture in our day to put such dangerous weapons as the wagner into the hands of a sex in whose peculiar charms too much mind is known to be an detail. Why not leave a girl in the hands of the same until she is fit to be transferred to those of the seamstress, the pastry-cook, the dancing-master, the teacher of music, in succession? Why occupy precious hours and task her eyes over every French and Italian, which could be learned in still more delightful ways? Why not adopt manners in vain? It is certain that book-knowledge will pass in at one ear and out at the other! If it only have the same to impart! Considering the advantage that may be taken of it, the economical and unsobering that may ensue upon an indolence in one of it, misery it were best to send Grammar, and History, Philosophy and Mathematics, to the limbo of forgotten things, so far as females are concerned. If Madame de Staël had been brought up and I to sing and dance, regularly housekeeping affairs, at a tend children, would she have written the book which provoked Napoleon to banish her from France? If Mrs. Somerville had spent years sitting with her feet in the stocks and her arms pinioned in a back-board to keep her erect, while her eyes were employed in counting beds by rote, or dictionary in construction, could she ever have lowered herself by writing about the geography of the heavens? Prevention is certainly better than cure. Close the heathen with them have to dam the river (as you will be to do) perfect here. Shut up the school-room during 4 days; but the teachers "go apart." For the supplemental hours for recreation, the interest to a times popularized "for the use of schools" in it is the free less to be created that those of liberty's architects—and if our ingenious should not find a after be "like polished stones at the corners to the temple," they will at least make kinder hearths, which we all know to be a far more elevating early portal of the social edifice.

* * * *

Our own convictions of this subject were tersely enunciated some years in the course of a lecture by a young gentleman, before a debating society, at whose willing we were so happy as to assist. The question was one not unfrequently discussed on those occasions—the best method of education of the sexes. Our friend was warm against sharing the sciences with women. His picture of the ideal blue-stocking, a learned, thin woman, with high-cornered cap and spectacles, a hoarse voice and masculine air, almost through imagination, and has very proved an effective scare-crow on that head. On the other hand, our lady's sketch of a charming young person was such as to leave in one's mind a somewhat confused sense of roses, young suns, blushes, pearls, snow, raven's wings, and Aurora's fingers tenderly lavishing, through a shower of crapes to most of the sex. But what made the most distinct impression on our members was the question, opened out in various terms as different branches of knowledge were enamored with reference to their fitness for female use—Will it render her more lovely, attractive? Here lay the key—for more potent than Rose Bonnet's wand to open every female's literally loadstone—to the whole popular philosophy of female studies on the score of intellect. The last as to the object of woman's being, universal world of doubts. Here was a touchstone by which to try any pretext: a few words settled the dispute any of talent. Whatever does not connect to the grand sun must set. Whatever is not light is darkness. Whatever contends that an education originated by this principle would leave unexplored insignificant and unhappy, shows only his ignorance of the world, for do we not see every single splendid prospect that has ever presented itself to consciousness? and can splendid people be unhappy or insignificant?

There is one potent argument against allowing women to habits of literary engagement—the inquiry that would arise to the great cause of public amusements. Our theatres would be worse than even than they are at present, and the opera would come its languishing existence at once, if the fact were clear that our fair ones were to be so fanned entranced as we can against the necessity of female get-up-light for their taste to prevail. The shaded study-lamp at home, and the ranging of the most fire to the tender effects of the caricature, would be enough to destroy the whole of the public place, would become obsolete, vanishing might be studied in the abstract—an illustration of the revolution of the heavenly bodies, but "curtain raiser" would no "chant many from the gallery" to join the giddy crowd in person. Farther would there be no of elevator; for eyes and nerves would no time to be strained, and to torture unnatural way willful expenditure of their powers would soon be voted nervous not, and of that should ever happen, arise to suppose and chance pages! There is really no end to the mischief that might result from an innovation of this sort. Imaginative persons are splendid fabric of fanciful suffering to be underpinned by fact meaning by impudent instrument, the pen, wielded by a manly hands. We could see our own graces of mind as memorial a revenue of the present happy state of things. It is some of the pet occupations of our idle loss to torment itself with declensions of what can never by any possibility occur, and this is simply a case of pure.

The truth being conceded that no women but those who are ugly and unattractive should read or write, a thought suggests itself with respect to the limited duration of the beauty which is so justly considered the most desirable of female possessions, and the most serious and proper bar to any extensive cultivation of the sense—that they not only reduce beauty into beyond fifty, would it not be advisable to establish schools, specially for for that age, in which the remains of a lovely woman might have an opportunity of some education suited to the twenty years which may be supposed still to be before her? It would be whatever to pass so long a period in silence, and mortifying to continue to talk nonsense without any one to set it out. Here a certain amount of knowledge might be communicated by those whom inexorable plainness of person had condemned to intellectual exercises in early life; and the circumstances might prove mutually beneficial, since the husbands of the once beautiful would undoubtedly be willing to pay liberally for having more ideas infused into their minds, as provision for the continuation of old age. The two could no longer be injured, while the head, and perhaps the heart, too, might gain materially.

Canadian Affairs.

LETTER FROM MONTREAL.

Montreal, Jan. 19th, 1836.

Mr. McConnell's reply to the Inquisitors of the meeting held at Nazareth, which I mentioned in my last, has since been received. As we extract from the Montreal Herald favorable to a peaceable separation from Great Britain, and annexation to the United States." The Requisition here is that they will cease to pay the Provincial taxes which comprise at least four fifths of the electors of that place.

Mr. Gale, the Representative of Hertfordshire, and no Anexationist, has signalized his seat in Parliament by a speech in favor of the Duke of Wellington, and the Navalist, and the Agent for the British Government in Canada. Mr. Gale has also resigned for his resignation, were the removal of his agent and connection with Britain, and the increased amount of his business.

Another Anexation Meeting is to take place at St. Hollingbury, on the 25th inst. Preparations steps are being taken at Chambly, and Richelieu, for a similar purpose.

I am somewhat surprised to find that Hon Anderson's motion on the subject of Canada is not before the Toronto. This city, you are perhaps aware, has hitherto been held up as a pattern of loyalty: a paper was to be established in support of annexation himself. The municipal elections for this city will take place on the 4th of March, and a great deal of excitement is anticipated thereupon. In most of the wards an Anexationist candidate is spoken of as a Conservationist; and as both parties are sanguine of success, and as both have some very zealous supporters, it is not likely that the contest will be decided without a renewal of those physical force scenes which have already given this place a very unenviable notoriety. Indeed, we are as excitable a people as Frenchmen, and the good will, at least result from these municipal affairs—they will give a pretty correct idea of the relative strength of the parties.

The English news, from the London Morning Advertiser, received by the last mail, is of a most gross a previous report that the Imperial Ministry will not attempt to the interference in the affairs of Canada, and to create a little stir among the politicians. Some asserted that it is correct, and others maintain, with equal vehemence, that the report is without foundation. *News* serves.

The further extracts from the Quebec Gazette, I shall use every exertion to obtain the result in time for the mail, which leaves here to-morrow morning.

The Montreal and Sydney Telegraph Company —the news of whose birth, I announced to you, as superintendence of Mr. J. A. Turney. A new line—from Montreal to New York—is now under Mr. Turney, has been used with good success—but will not attempt to the interference in the affairs of Canada,

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBURARY 2, 1850.

ENGLISH ENGLISH.

A correspondent of the "Inquirer" makes the following just remarks:

The more modern English books we read, the more we are convinced that the people of England are constantly corrupting their native language, and this whilst they are constantly ridiculing us for what they call Americanisms, but which are nearly all remains of old English, which is now obsolete at home.

The following are some of the latest specimens of *English* English:

"*Directly*" is used in the sense of "as soon," as thus: "He came *directly* he was called." "*Directly after* he was called," would be good English, and so all English authors wrote until within a very few years.

Marryatt, Dickens, and others, invariably use "father-in-law," instead of "step-father." Thus, a child of a year old, may have a father-in-law, according to them, although rather young to be married.

Things which were unlike formerly, differed *from* each other. Now, according to English scribes, they differ *to* each other. Thus, in the Anglo-Saxon for 1849, a periodical conducted by Mr. Tupper and others, at page 153: "How different their hopes and means for attaining their wishes *to* those in their former voyage," instead of "*from* those," &c.

Mrs. Howitt's writings, which are written generally in very bad English, (she makes the objective *whom* the nominative to verbs,) abound in this corruption. Here are two, noted in a few hours' reading:

"A very different person *to her*." *Sowing and Reaping.*

"Mr. Netley was not more singular in appearance than in opinion, always contriving to think differently *to* every body else."

THE WORK OF FAITH.

We came across the following in a tale by an English author, and thought it worth copying for the readers of the Post. Two friends are conversing upon a chapter in St. Thomas à Kempis.

"I have been thinking a great deal this morning about what faith ought to work in us; it is nothing, absolutely nothing, unless it is able so to turn the will against the heart, that we become, contrary to ourselves, strongest where we were most weak, bravest where we were the very slaves of fear. Unless the transformation be complete, what are we the better for it?"

"True," replied Ida, "is not that the reason why we always make self-denial the very threshold of the Christian temple?"

"Aye, self-denial," rejoined Madeline. "But what is self-denial? what is it that we see and know which takes the name of self-denial? A man who is naturally generous, takes the duty of charity, and gives all his substance to the poor; one who was born gentle, endures insult and provocation with meekness; one who is naturally reserved and distrustful, sacrifices human affections and turns away from earthly happiness. This is called self-denial—but it is a mere cheating of the soul. Faith should be able to make every man excel in that particular duty to which he has the strongest aversion; the mean man should be bound[illegible]

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PROBABLE.

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Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

ment of a government for them, to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Butler claimed this matter as belonging to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Douglass contended for the jurisdiction of the Territorial Committee, and after a discussion the motion was agreed to—yeas 30, nays 21.

After some further discussion on Mr. Foot's bill, organizing Territorial Governments for California, Deseret, and a State Government for Jacinto, it was referred to the Territorial Committee, a reference to the Judiciary Committee having been refused by yeas 19, nays 23.

Mr. Seward gave notice of an amendment which he proposed to offer to Mr. Foot's resolution, providing that slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, shall be excluded from the Territories, by any bill organizing such Territories.

After the transaction of some routine business the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, after the presentation of memorials, the reports of committees, and transaction of other routine business, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, introduced his bill to establish a Board of Accounts.

On motion of Mr. Phelps, of Vermont, the Senate resumed the consideration of the motion to print the resolution submitted by him from the Legislature of Vermont, relative to the extension of slavery, and its existence in the Federal District.

Mr. Phelps proceeded to address the Senate. He felt it due to himself and due to his State to vindicate the resolutions, and explain his own position. He had been called upon to face the music, and was prepared to do so; but he must be permitted to say that they played some very bad music in the Senate. The question involved in this discussion was one of great and vital importance. It, together with the difficulties, jealousies and dissensions which had grown out of it, were the results of military conquests—the fruits of the Mexican war—of that policy which originated in the disposition to extend the power of this Republic, and which threatened to end in the destruction of the Union.

Mr. P. vindicated the resolutions from the charges brought against them—he said they had been greatly misrepresented. He disclaimed the assertion, by any one of his constituents, of a power by Congress to interfere with the institution of slavery within the States. They all concede the negative of the proposition, while they contend that it is the duty of the National Legislature to relieve the people of the North from the responsibility attaching to it in those places where the general Government has jurisdiction over it. Much has been said here about encroachments upon the rights of the South, in connection with the proposition to exclude slavery from the territories. If that was an encroachment upon the rights of the South, who first set the example of such encroachment? It was a Southern man, Thomas Jefferson, who first proposed the exclusion of slavery from the territories. The South had complained because the North had failed to assist them in the recapture of fugitive slaves. Had the South any right to demand it? No! Such duty at their hands was a matter of courtesy altogether between the two sections. How, then, were the North to be held responsible for the non-execution of a duty not imposed upon them by the Constitution. If, as has been asserted, some of the States of the North had passed laws designed or calculated to defeat the execution of the constitutional provision for the recapture of fugitive slaves, such laws were clearly unconstitutional, and the remedy was self-evident.

He desired to say a few words, also, relative to the intimations of a dissolution of the Union. Suppose Congress should pass the Wilmot Proviso, or adopt the principle of the Ordinance of 1787 in a territorial bill, would the time yet have arrived for the separate action of the States in resistance of the action of Congress?

Mr. Foote, interposing—Usurpation.

Mr. Phelps—Call it usurpation, or whatever else they might, would the time have arrived for action by the States, such as had been threatened? No! the Constitution had contemplated such differences of opinion, and had provided a tribunal to decide upon such questions—the Supreme Court—which was established for the purpose of trying and deciding upon the validity of laws considered objectionable by any portion of the Union, as unconstitutional. If the question was referred to that tribunal, would not all parties, both North and South, abide by its decision?

Mr. Yulee, of Florida, inquired whether the Senator spoke for the North, and declared[illegible]

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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 30.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

LAWYERS READ LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

[illegible]

PORTRAIT OF L. A. GODEY, PUBLISHER OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

[illegible]

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

[illegible]

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE.

[illegible]

ALL COMPETITION ECLIPSED.

THE STANDARD AMERICAN PERIODICAL.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, 1850.

[illegible]

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]

STORRS CHEMICAL

HAIR INVIGORATOR.

[illegible]

IF PLEASE TO READ THIS.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

UNRIVALED INDUCEMENTS FOR 1850.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, in coming before the public with a new Prospectus, would respectfully solicit attention to what they have done in the past, as a guarantee for their promises of the future. They may safely say, that no other paper in America has given to its readers so large and well chosen an amount of all kinds of reading, elegant and useful, imaginative and practical, during the last year, as the POST. To say nothing of other tales and sketches, what paper has laid before its subscribers during the past year, four such novelets as "Henry Benson," "The Child Stealer," "Isabel Denison," and "The Deserted Wife?"

And the proprietors of the Post are determined that, if possible, the coming year shall be even a more brilliant one than the past. To begin with, they have already secured the following original contributions, which will be published, with many other choice pictures of life, during the coming year:

THE BAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER, OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED: A Novelet, by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Agnes, or the Possessed," "The Child Stealer," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

THE BONNET ROUGE; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Palaces and Prisons," "Malina Grey," &c., &c.

We have also made arrangements with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her spirited and interesting LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more solid and substantial reading; such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

The *NEWS OF THE DAY* shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men, a *BANK-NOTE LIST*, a *STOCK LIST*, the *MARKETS*, &c., shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for our *AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT*.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES* of remarkable places are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$ 5.00,	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$10.00,	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$15.00,	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$20.00,	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.—When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*.

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practiced. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, post-paid.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1850.

[illegible]

TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

[illegible]

O. H. PARTRIDGE, M.D.

[illegible]

HOLDEN'S ILLUSTRATED DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

[illegible]

PAPER HANGINGS.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What a noble! to inherit
Wealth, name and proud degree!
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!—
Something greater far must enter
Into life's material—pure
Fitted to cement and sustain
True nobility at last!

What a noble? 'tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Lasted to something still dearer
Than mere language can impart;
Something greater far must enter
Into life's material—pure
Fitted to cement and sustain
True nobility at last!

What is noble? 'tis the flower
Of the human intellect;
Thence, in agency is holier
Than the arm that guards or conquers!
He who seeks the Mind's improvement!
Aids the world—is noble indeed!—
Every great commanding movement
Serves an end—but all mankind.

O'er the Forge's hurt and labor,
O'er the Engine's iron head,
Where the rapid mantle flashes,
And the spindle whirls in unrest;
There is Labor ever sealed
Each requirement of the hour.
There is proud self-ennobling
Science—and its world of power!

Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor
Of the loom-shed or the mill!
Midst the clash of wheel and hammer,
Great men do, or have done still!
Though too oft by Fashion's creatures
Wit and warfare may be hissed,
Commerce need not hide in fastness—
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? that which purers
Truth in its enfranchised will;
Leaving steps—like angel-warnings—
That mankind may follow still!
Thus through Nature's malignant grasses
Proves him monarch of the clime,
He's the Norse—the ancient Saxon—
Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

Leaves from History.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Thus does old Godefroy of Paris tell the tale; and the hearer's sense of the marvelous will hardly let it does not appear that there was suspicion, preparation, or resistance of any where.

The moment the iron cell was successfully accomplished, and the gallant knights of whom they were at that time fifteen thousand, we are assured, in the precepts alone of Europe, the mass was thrown off, and the charges made public to the world at large. Philip had, a few days before, communicated them by letter to several neighboring monarchs, in the hope of inducing others to follow his example, and work the overthrow of the whole order throughout Europe at once; but the charges were so wild, so improbable, so incredible, that none required their perusal, but even affected to believe them. Even Edward the Second, the weak King of England, refused to let the French King, refused, at first, to give credit to the tale. In Germany and Spain the entire order was acquitted of all guilt; and the people of Cyprus bore honorable testimony to the conduct of the Templars among them. In Italy, Sicily, and Lombardy the persecution raged; and but even need or guilt, the cupidity of his followers, and the bad intentions of the pope, speedily extinguished the short-lived sense of justice that the bravery of Edward of England. It is, however, upon France that our eyes must remained fixed, for there the horrible conspiracy was formed, and its great efforts executed. Every step in the whole proceedings of Philip and Clement reveals the iniquity of their motives and the baseness of their object. Preaching Jesus were specially appointed to declaim against the order of the Temple in the public places of Paris, at the corners of streets, and in the royal gardens; and the charges made against the knights in these sermons would have shocked the common sense of any enlightened people. But this was an age of the most gross and debasing superstition, when the Gods and the relics were in favorites, the most impudent quackery and most barefaced imposture found ready credence with the lowest, the middle, and many of the highest classes.

Let us look into these charges, both those which were normally embodied in the act of accusation, and those which were frequently urged by the agents of a false and perfidious King. Some, indeed, we must pass over in silence, for they are too foul to appear upon a page sacred to the sight of all. It is not for innocence to remain unconscious of much that the lowest of the world can conceive. The Templars were accused then, publicly, of denying Christ; of worshipping an idol, a dark cave, an idol, in the figure of a man covered with an old bottom skin, and having two bright and lustrous carbuncles for eyes; of anointing it with the fat of young children; instead, at baptism upon it for their sovereign food, and trading in it for prosperity and success. They were accused also, of worshipping the devil, in the form of a cat; of battering the bodies of dead Templars, and giving the ashes to the younger brothers to eat and drink, mingled with their food. They were charged with various unnatural crimes, frightful debauchery, and superstitious absurdities; some, only to be credited upon the supposition that the whole order was insane. Moreover, it was distinctly charged against them that, at their reception into the order, or as soon as possible afterward, they were compelled, besides denying Christ, the Virgin and the Saints, to spit and trample upon the cross, and to gird themselves with, and wear continually, little cords which had touched the bodies of their idols, of which they had many, besides the one already named, and, moreover, that they believed the grand master, the warden, and the preceptor could absolve them from their sins.

Such is an abstract of the accusation. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that if the charges had been, at the first moment, brought forward in the full Dominican confronts him.

In the absence of a fixed religion, and even of the rule of the order, and on his own pallet-bed, is seen seated, with his head bowed, and his face buried in his hands. In the pure Templar, now? It must be no, for, the next Dominican Friar enters and speaks upon the subject of the charges against the order!

Under the convent-fog that covers him, the body is bound down to the bed. He can move neither his hands nor his feet. He can see nothing but the pale and cloth, through which he is forced to draw the breath of life; and ever, as the fearful hour or his visitor approaches, he is tortured by the fear that the new brother more lonely, the Dominican Monk more dark, more utter the cloth, and renders every sigh a pang. See how contentedly he lies! See how he turns from the food, from being actually burned away. You see his eyes, his groans, his shrieks. It appears that he is in the most horrible struggle for existence. See how he clutches, how he catches. It appears that he is in the most horrible struggle for existence. See how he clutches, how he catches. It appears that his hands, now extended wide with every nerve and muscle in full play, are not like a right and left defiant shake of virulence begin to mark the cloth with blood! He has been tearing from his own body!

Who then confess now?

He whom the Dominican reserve has held forward the arrest, again.

"What more! I confess! What more! I confess!" cries the wretch, as he is dragged from the cell of the self Dominican confronts him.

In the interior of a small cell, on one of the rails of the order, and on his own pallet-bed, is seen seated, with his head bowed, and his face buried in his hands. In the pure Templar, now? It must be no, for, the next Dominican Friar enters and speaks upon the subject of the charges against the order!

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